

Testimony Sveta from Russia

on www.abuse-in-kundalini-yoga.com

Moscow, February 14, 2026

The first time I was raped was by an ex-convict at the age of 14. I was a virgin.

Because of PTSD and just the way my life turned out, I was sexually raped only seven times, and even the most orthodox victim-blaming practitioners would agree that it was brutal.

These were men who had nothing to do with yoga, but 4 out of the 7 times I was raped during a period of frenzied, fanatical Kundalini Yoga practice. This practice got me brainwashed in a way that I believed it was all my fault. Thanks to Kundalini Yoga, I “understood” that “I” was the one who had to change in order to erase my patterns of violence.

The teachings told me that on a subconscious level, I made rapists out of men. Because of me, they got possessed by a demon. In one of his lectures, Yogi Bhajan says, “A woman is 11 times stronger than a man, and she can kill with one glance.”

I was told that the Sat Nam Rasayan (SNR) meditative healing method would remove those patterns. The \$1,008 Intertwined Lotus healing, they said, creates a direct line with the healing powers of the universe and removes patterns – even those from past lives.

I was so afraid of being raped again, so I paid and paid money, and believed and believed, and did more and more meditations. I sat in a tree at night and dipped into an icy mountain river for half an hour.

What is described in the sentence above applies to my time in France at the school of renowned teacher Karta Singh. Well, back then, his name was Karta, and he was still a member of KRI, the Kundalini Yoga Research Institute. He was kicked out with a completely trivial charge known in the world of Kundalini Yoga: the rape and harassment of female students (see [article in French newspaper Le Monde](#) - October 20, 2023).

Of course, everyone among the organizers of Karta’s training in Russia said that these rumours were being deliberately spread: “He’s an inconvenient person for the leadership of Kundalini Yoga, since he has his own (different) points of view and he’s not afraid to express them.”

My teacher in St. Petersburg – who was a student of the American teacher Harijivan¹ who regularly came to Russia to give training - said, “You chose Karta Singh as your yoga teacher only because you have a pattern of sexual violence and you want to relive the experience of violence over and over again. “Sveta, you should have gone to Harijivan, as I told you from the start! But you didn’t listen to me!!!”...

I couldn't fix things and go to Harijivan anymore, because, like many others, I had already quit my good job and embarked on the promised path to 'Prosperity'.

The Kundalini Yoga framework in Russia is a lot about financial prosperity. This is probably because there are many poor people in Russia. All marketing is based on 'Prosperity and Abundance'.

In the Sat Nam Rasayan area, there is an even more painful issue: many practitioners have righteous motives and want to help others. In my opinion, the most terrible thing is that everyone is very, very CONFIDENT that the healing they have given to their 'patients', the healing meditation they did - even if they've been teachers sitting on the mat for just one month - will have a healing effect. They are convinced they have the ultimate tool and that they are blessed with direct access to the ultimate truth.

Back to my own story: I really wanted to avoid this hell of being raped, but despite all my yogic efforts and commitment, on my anniversary, a very decent man threw me out of his car with torn clothes and shoes. I deliberately turned away from his car so I wouldn't see its license plate, because I strongly believed that this was the way to go: "We process anger and hatred on the mat, and this is all inside me."

Ah, there are a few details I want to mention to the victim-blamers here: I didn't drink alcohol, and neither did the man. Afterward, he cried and wailed, "What have I done! I wanted you to be my girlfriend, to date you. It's like something possessed me!!" He cried and cried. I comforted him because he didn't know what had come over him, what demon had possessed him, but I knew it wasn't his fault. It was my patterns that had made him a rapist, my universe manifesting itself externally.

I'll stop here, otherwise I'll write (like Tolstoy) a long book... um... two volumes of "War and Peace" 😊

Probably the best thing is that after a year of working with a psychotherapist, this 'pattern' went away. I no longer freeze or become paralyzed, I can breathe when a man touches me, I can start screaming (I couldn't scream before, I lost my speech), and now I'm sitting here writing, smiling, and tears are flowing. It's so thrilling! It's such a fragile feeling, and it still has a shadow of doubt. Doubts that I'm free. Free from this hell. Free from the illusions that 'snake yoga' fed me.

In my book - that is on its way - I focus most of all on borderline personality disorder.

I was so afraid of going to a clinic. I really wanted to get rid of the disease... um, make my life more livable.

Oh, I haven't "bragged" yet? I have a congenital disease: borderline personality disorder. This diagnosis is made after puberty, so I was only diagnosed after puberty. Although I had

already been to neuropsychiatric clinics a couple of times before. Maladaptive behaviours, like cockroaches, infested my life.

This is how I stumbled into Kundalini Yoga: An old friend came to see me at the neurosis clinic after I was discharged from the hospital. The hospital didn't give me any treatment except pills. It helped, but I wanted preventive measures. At that time, psychotherapeutic care for my illness was poorly developed. I told the friend that I wish I knew a way to get out of it. He informed me about methods that support recovery. He was studying to become a Kundalini Yoga teacher. He led yoga classes for 200 students and organized workshops. Kundalini Yoga would definitely help me, he said.

Now I know that Kundalini Yoga stole 13 years of my life and all my money. The disease, like a malignant tumour, spreads with each "breath of fire," which is extremely dangerous for me!

Anyway, I listened to my friends' advice and went for Kundalini Yoga. My first yoga teacher (the student of Harjiwan) claimed she could help me with everything. In the beginning, we were just the two of us doing sadhana or singing the So Purkh mantra together. Believe me, I was a very diligent student! Nowadays, this yoga teacher has successful yoga studios and everyone in St. Petersburg knows her.

I took a Kundalini Yoga teacher course in the Alps in France with Karta Singh. One day, I was lucky enough to ask him a question. He only saw me for ten minutes, and I asked him about my disease and the pills. He replied, "Forget it, you're not sick! You do not need to take any pills." I should throw away the pills and all my books, and I would build the tallest building in St. Petersburg.

I was fascinated. Someone asked, "Sveta, are you an engineer? Do you have anything to do with construction?" Of course, I was not involved in construction, and to even begin to fulfil his words, I would have to spend 20 years.

And as for the fact that I did not have a mental disorder, I was surprised, since I had been in clinics three times. Psychiatrists never promised they could heal me, but people in Kundalini yoga could.

I had been diagnosed by a panel of doctors who talked to me every day and conferred with me. (That was in Pavlov's clinic, one of the best in Russia. I recommend it to everyone!) All these doctors, their consultations, and their professionalism are just a 'sneeze' compared to the words of a Kundalini Yoga teacher who pretended to know me and diagnose me in five minutes.

Karta also said that I was sick of the 'poverty genes' given to me by my parents. "Here's a 31-minute meditation for you, do it for 1000 days."

I left this meeting ecstatic because this well-known teacher honoured me with an answer. He was one of Yogi Bhajan's closest students and talked to me! Of course, I started doing this

meditation - ignoring the fact that there is no such thing as a poverty gene! At the same time, I ignored the fact that my disease was inherited and only got worse without appropriate treatment...

I also started practicing Sat Nam Rasayan (SNR), a meditative healing practice rooted in Yogi Bhajan's Kundalini Yoga. Hari Singh² and his wife were my teachers. I helped organize their seminars in St. Petersburg. Often, my white leggings turned red from new scars that had occurred during my 'self-healing meditations'. In fact, my self-harm pattern didn't give a damn about the expensive healings and exhausting meditations. I mentioned this problem at practically every healing session with Hari. He gave me meditations, healed me. Again, I was a diligent student! But the self-harm pattern laughed at Hari's methods. It was completely indifferent to all this.

It's very funny, really, very funny! One day, I came to Hari with a request to give me a standard 108-dollar healing as I felt very ill. Bulimia, distorted self-perception, constant thoughts of suicide, they were like flies in my head "Bz-zzzzz".

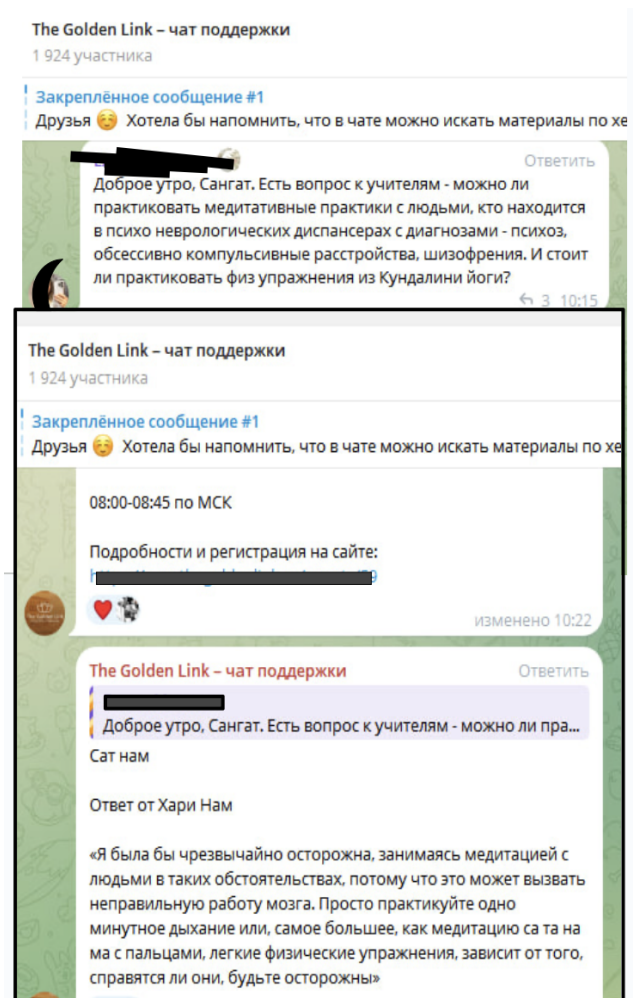
Everything went as usual: I lay down on the bed, and after 20 minutes Hari said, "Ok, I'll give you a meditation, and you will need to do it for XXX lifetimes."

I felt confused: "Oh, but I'm already doing this meditation that Karta Singh gave me." Hari said, "Sveta, it doesn't work. Do mine!"

What if I had gone to Gurumurkha or Harijivan or, or, or... It felt like I was in an oriental bazaar, but I quickly dulled my senses, because Hari Singh could 'feel' better. Sat Nam Rasayan, after all, is all about 'feeling'. It is 'the' space of 'working' with sensations. But the flies kept making the same sound in my head: "Bz-zzzzz".

Once, one of the students asked in the SNR chat (see picture for the text in Russian): "Good morning, Sangat. There is a question for teachers: Is it possible to practice meditation with people who are in neuropsychiatric dispensaries with diagnoses of psychosis, obsessive-compulsive disorders, and schizophrenia? And is it worth practicing physical exercises from Kundalini yoga?"

SNR teacher Hari Nam, the wife of Hari Singh, answered: "I would be extremely careful doing meditation with people in such circumstances, because it can cause the brain to malfunction. Just practice one minute of breathing, or at most, like sa ta na ma



meditation with your fingers, light physical exercises, depending on whether they can handle it, be careful."

I was stupefied! For 13 years, I had managed the SNR's community social media in St. Petersburg, posting articles, including excerpts from Guru Dev's book on the art of silence. I was deeply immersed in the practice. If I couldn't attend live events, then I bought courses online. And I can responsibly say that this was the first time in all these 13 years – despite my closeness to them – that I heard them say: "I would be extremely careful doing meditation with people in such circumstances, because it can cause the brain to malfunction."

And aren't Hari Nam's words extremely vague? "Be careful, be careful, be careful. Do the SaTaNaMa meditation. ..." There is nothing concrete here. *It's like: "If your arm is broken, be careful, carefully attach a plantain leaf, and be careful!"*

This was the best thing I've ever heard from teachers in 13 years! Before that, words were only spoken behind the scenes (in personal settings) and sounded like: "Don't take pills. Here is a 90-minute meditation for you. Don't take pills, just feel like you're already in prosperity."

I opened my mouth to the floor in surprise and thought: "Damn!!! You and your husband have always given me meditations to practice for 31 minutes or 1 hour and 45 minutes. I've been doing them for a year, even a year and a half!! YOU gave those to me!! And I had to do them on my own."

Why did you turn your arms to the ceiling and do 'breath fire' for 31 minutes at your rebirth sessions? I was going crazy. It was like a bad trip on bad drugs. I endured because you made me believe it cleansed my subconscious, and now you confidently say something completely different!?

Why didn't you look at my condition? What the fuck is going on!?"

And at the same time, I searched for a reason inside myself. "Maybe, I MADE IT UP! Maybe I'm not sick! THEY know the teachings better than I do! The teachers see right through me and know better!"

I took the blame for myself, ignoring the severe cuts on my body and, at that time, the severe anorexia. I was a zombie.

During the 'Hari' healing sessions, I told him every time about the self-harming and uncontrolled bulimia, and that the doctor told me to take pills.

He said, "You don't need to take pills, you're not sick, here's meditation for you!" It was like that every time. I have a recording of Hari telling me all this.

I was taking pills on the sly. I was ashamed that I was lying to the teacher, but I knew I was going to die if I did not.

... So, Hari healed me for \$1,008 and gave me a 1-hour and 45-minute meditation for a year. I performed it flawlessly. When a year later I said I was feeling unwell, he said, "Okay, keep doing the meditation," and added all sorts of mysterious words.

A year and a half later, I felt even worse and in despair. I came back to him for another healing of \$1,008. Of course, no one gave me a receipt for the payment I made. And, of course, in the world of yoga and esotericism, complaints and claims are not accepted! And I was convinced it was all my fault "because I'm so dirty". So, I'd have to do it again.

This time, I left Hari's hotel room and realized that everything, everything, was an illusion. Kundalini Yoga had robbed me of hope. They had always given me hope and faith. The easiest victims of cults are the desperate, the distressed...

A few months later, I was fired from my favourite and good job. My illness prevented me from working. In Russia, they don't provide medications, doctors, or social benefits for my illness (as most other countries do).

I couldn't pay the rent, and I had no money for food. My friends lent me money, and even Russian banks lent me a little. I couldn't work anymore because of my illness. I spent all the money on medication and doctors. And one day, out of desperation, I asked Hari for money. There was no one else left to ask.

I described to him (once more) the details of my illness and explained my situation. He asked me to reflect on HOW I was looking for a job. Maybe I did it wrong?

When he realized that he had no arguments to accuse me, he just told me a "GOODBYE" and some more nonsense. Instead of helping me, he accused me of not taking pills. The medication and advice the doctors gave me were the first things I should obey, he said. He didn't take into account one thing: that I ALWAYS took pills on the sly from him. I did this in secret, hidden from my spiritual teacher, who knows everything and feels everything...

The next day, I read an appeal to students on the Russian SNR channel (showing a video of Hari's smiling family): "Teachers remind you that if you have a mental disorder, you should first consult a doctor, and if he tells you to take pills, you must take them..." and a happy smiley face at the end. If the doctors allow it, a supportive meditation can be carefully selected.

Students reacted with smiling emojis and thanked them for this important reminder!

A reminder – hahaha ... They fucking REMINDED ME! At that moment, I finally realized that my life was worth far more than one of Hari's gemstone rings. Until then, it had been very clear to me that my life was worth much less than others'. It was a lot cheaper. And I meant it. This is what I believed: they knew, and I didn't! This is how they had always presented things!

Hari knew I was constantly thinking about suicide, but he never once asked how his devoted student was doing, who was running around the city looking for... oh :)))

But that's another story...

I was shocked when I saw on the website www.abuse-in-kundalini-yoga.com so much American evidence of the abuses and malpractices in the Kundalini Yoga world.

I learned there that my feelings were not deceiving me, that I was not crazy, and that I was not the only one who was in pain after practicing yoga to get rid of patterns. I sympathize so much with the children. I thank Els Coenen for answering my first letter when I reached out to her a few weeks ago.

Now, the psychotherapist cured me of bulimia and anorexia in the third session.

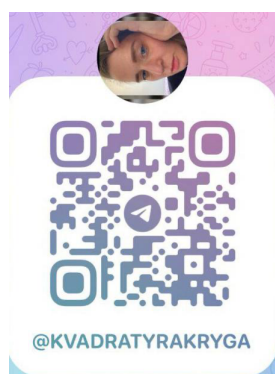
Thank you all for listening to my story.

I really want to highlight how dangerous it is to be in this cult. No one has ever talked about this, certainly not in Russia.

I think I can do it.

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Sveta – February 14, 2026



¹ Harijiwan was a student and loyal lieutenant of Yogi Bhajan (†2004) who was the 'spiritual leader' of this community. For many years, HariJiwan regularly came to Russia to give Kundalini Yoga training and gathered large groups of people in white clothing in big halls. He was the mentor to many successful teachers today. In 2020, Harijiwan broke up with the International Kundalini Yoga Research Institute (KRI) after many survivors from Yogi Bhajan's abuse started to testify about the abuses and crimes in public (see www.abuse-in-kundalini-yoga.com).

What most people in Russia do not know is that Harijiwan spent 18 months in jail for running boiler rooms using yoga students as cheap labour. When he came out of prison, Harijiwan seduced a young woman, GuruJagat, to start the successful RaMa Academy. In the 2024 HBO Max documentary '[Breath of Fire](#)', survivors of various abuses and malpractices related to RaMa are featured. Bhajan's and Harijiwan's misdeeds are documented in the books '[Under the Yoga Mat](#)' and '[The Cultish Nature of Yogi Bhajan's Kundalini Yoga](#)'.

² Hari Singh is a senior Sat Nam Rasayan teacher. He is much respected in the worldwide SNR-healing community. Hari is referred to as 'the preferred son' of Guru Dev Singh (†2021), the master of Sat Nam Rasayan who was appointed by Yogi Bhajan. The sexual and other abuses and crimes that occurred in the Kundalini Yoga world, also took place in the world of Sat Nam Rasayan as it is documented on www.abuse-in-kundalini-yoga.com.